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### A Message to Mr. Wilson From Voices in the Air?

President WILSON, vainly attempt-  
ing to find in American history sup-  
port for his plan to abandon the pol-  
icy of avoidance of permanent foreign  
alliances, was led to make the sub-  
joined surprising declaration in his  
address in the St. Louis Coliseum  
Friday evening:

"We are in the presence, therefore,  
of the most solemn choice that this  
people has ever called upon to make.  
That choice is nothing less than this:  
Shall America redeem her pledge to the  
peoples of the world, and she has  
said to mankind at her birth, 'We  
have come to redeem the world by  
giving it liberty and justice.' Now  
we are called upon before the tribu-  
nal of mankind to redeem that  
immortal pledge."

The best authority on what Amer-  
ica—America being used by Mr. Wil-  
son as synonymous with the United  
States as a nation—said at her birth  
is the Constitution of this nation, a  
document accessible to all historians,  
among whom Mr. Wilson desires to be  
counted. In it the purpose of the  
founders of this Union of States was  
set forth in this simple and easily  
comprehensible form:

"We, the people of the United  
States, in order to form a more per-  
fect union, establish justice, insure  
domestic tranquility, provide for the  
common defense, promote the general  
welfare, and secure the blessings of  
liberty to ourselves and our poster-  
ity, do ordain and establish this Con-  
stitution for the United States of  
America."

In this formal and official definition  
of the purpose of the American Re-  
public nobody can find any phrase  
reasonably translatable into so grand-  
iloquent and boastful a sentence as  
"We have come to redeem the world  
by giving it liberty and justice."

Did Mr. Wilson obtain this phrase  
from historical sources, or was it con-  
veyed to his mentality by "voices in  
the air"?

### Secretary Lansing's Words on Na- tionalism and Individualism.

Secretary of State LANSING's re-  
marks on nationalism and individual-  
ism before the American Bar Association  
at its convention in Boston  
Friday evening were instinct with the  
true American spirit. Among other  
things he said:

"Nationalism must be maintained  
at all hazards. It must not be sup-  
planted by mundanism. It is equally  
imperative that within the nation in-  
dividualism should not be subordi-  
nated to classism.

"Individualism has been the great  
impulse to progress and liberty. It is  
the very life blood of modern civi-  
lization. Individual rights, not class  
rights, should engage our concern  
and invite governmental protection  
wherever threatened.

"If we Americans abandon individ-  
ualism we have bartered away our  
birthright. We have cast aside that  
for which our forefathers were will-  
ing to die. The same is true of in-  
dividualism among nations. It must  
be maintained if the peoples of the  
earth are to possess patriotism, love  
of liberty and that generous devotion  
to national ideals which have made  
nations great and prosperous."

"Mundanism" is the word used by  
Secretary LANSING to describe the in-  
dividualism taught by the leaders  
of the present revolution in Russia.  
It designates the international prole-  
tariat despotism projected by LENIN,  
TROTSKY and their followers and  
dupes. Its object is the suppression  
of individualism and nationalism and  
the substitution thereof of a social  
system inherently despotic and boast-  
fully anti-democratic.

In his opposition to this revolution-  
ary doctrine Secretary LANSING is  
completely and eternally right.

But the immediate and pressing  
menace to American nationalism and  
to American individualism is not from  
the proletarian dictatorship of LENIN  
and TROTSKY, nor crumpling under  
the impact of its own inefficiency and

impacticability and from the blows  
of sense men and women.

The project which endangers Amer-  
ican nationalism and American indi-  
vidualism at this moment is the prod-  
uct of Woodrow Wilson's design to  
subordinate American nationalism to  
a supergovernment taking form in the  
covenant of the League of Nations.

American individualism at the pres-  
ent time is not jeopardized by malicious  
and visionary and insane men in Rus-  
sia and the few deluded fools who  
ape them here, but by a proposed in-  
ternational contract fathered by  
Woodrow Wilson, under the terms of  
which American men would be made  
victims of every misunderstanding,  
disagreement or quarrel which might  
arise in any part of the world.

It is against the impairment of that  
very nationalism and that very indi-  
vidualism for the preservation of which  
Secretary LANSING so elo-  
quently and intelligently spoke in Bos-  
ton that clear sighted Americans in  
the Senate of the United States and  
outside of it are now struggling. Sec-  
retary LANSING, bespeaking alertness  
and steadfastness in their guardianship  
while he supports Woodrow  
Wilson's policy of internationalism,  
presents an interesting study in the  
psychology of politics.

### End of the Actors' Strike.

The actors' strike ends, it would  
seem, in that familiar paradox a vic-  
tory for both sides. The actors are  
happy in their new contract, the man-  
agers in the reopening of theatres  
whose darkness was causing treas-  
ures to wither, the public in the res-  
umption of a favorite habit.

It has been a picturesque strike.  
What other labor (so to speak) trou-  
ble could marshal on one side or the  
other persons so well known as  
GEORGE COLEMAN, DAVID BELASCO, ETHEL  
BARTMORE and MARIE DRESBACH?  
What industrial conflict could call  
forth as arbitrator so gifted a speaker as  
Augustus THOMAS? What other  
strike of such magnitude has there  
been wherein the question of hours  
or pay was not the main issue?

It will please the patrons of the  
theatre to learn that the open shop  
is granted. When the world's next  
greatest *Hamlet* comes out of the  
West, Broadway will not be denied  
the slight of him because, perhaps, he  
has been too immersed in his art to  
get a union card. We assume that  
piece work is not abolished. It would  
be unfortunate, for instance, if there  
should be another great *Cyano*, to see  
his fat part, 11,000 or more words,  
divided among four or five actors in  
order to reduce the individual's work  
to an arbitrary average.

Mr. THOMAS's little group of pac-  
ifying playwrights must have due  
credit for their part in the happy end-  
ing. They did what every producer  
of materials should do in these days  
when the cry is for greater produc-  
tion of the finished article. With  
reins of good stuff, prepared for pop-  
ular consumption in the long winter  
ahead, on their hands, they hurried  
to bring about a settlement of the  
trouble between the middleman and  
the retailer. AUGUSTUS THOMAS,  
with his knowledge of economics and  
his power of oratory, is a man upon  
whom the President and the Governor  
should keep an eye.

If there are any grudges left on the  
stage after the great encounter let  
the scrub ladies gather them into their  
palls and throw them into the  
furnace of the dead past. Let all the  
vigor of the battle be diverted to the  
script. Exit *Bitterness*, r. u. e. Ring  
up the curtain!

### Punishing Attempts at Suicide.

The New York statute to punish at-  
tempted suicide as a crime, which  
was repealed by the Legislature this  
spring and ceased to be effective on  
September 1, was a modern survival  
of elaborate former enactments to dis-  
courage laying violent hands on one's  
self. Among uncivilized peoples self-  
destruction is generally condemned  
and is regarded as uncommon, yet  
there are many spots in this country  
which are pointed out as "lover's  
leaps," which tradition assigns as the  
sites of death self-imposed by Indian  
braves and maidens thwarted in their  
love. Some of the Oriental religions  
countenance suicide, but the Koran  
expressly forbids it.

In Japan hara-kiri is still practised,  
though it is becoming less frequent  
with the advance of modern ideas.  
In 1912, on the death of the Mikado,  
the soldier Noar and his wife com-  
mitted hara-kiri in obedience to the  
ancient custom of the Samurai, for  
whose code they remained loyal to the  
end. Hara-kiri, or seppuku, was origi-  
nally permitted in feudal Japan among  
nobles desirous to testify their love  
for a superior, as in Noar's case; as a  
protest against false national policies,  
or to escape disgrace. Later it became  
a caste privilege to be exercised by  
nobles as an alternative to punish-  
ment as a common criminal.

Suicide was not countenanced by  
Aristotle, and the early Greeks con-  
demned the body of the self-slain to  
dishonorable burial. Under the influ-  
ence of the Stoics the custom became  
less severe. The Romans recognized  
suicide for certain reasons as legiti-  
mate. They confiscated the property  
of those who killed themselves to es-  
cape punishment for serious crimes.

Christianity modified the attitude  
toward suicide of the world which ac-  
cepted its doctrines. To Saint AUGUS-  
TINE suicide was primarily a sin.  
Under early Christian practice the  
corpse was deprived of the ordinary  
rites of the church. In medieval days  
confiscation of the property of the  
deceased was decreed by law and the  
body was treated with indignity. For-  
feiture of lands and goods to the  
crown was an English penalty for  
suicide, the infliction of which sensi-

bile English juries evaded by finding  
the unhappy victim insane and hence  
irresponsible at the time the act was  
committed. The English law requir-  
ing forfeiture was repealed in 1870.  
In 1823 it was made legal to bury  
suicides in unconsecrated ground in  
England, but not until sixty years  
later were religious services over the  
body expressly permitted.

English law has had a predominant  
part in shaping our legal enactments,  
and although Church and State are  
separate here the religious influence  
is easily discernible in our customs.  
The Catholic Church forbids burial  
in consecrated ground of those who  
slay themselves. The rubric on the  
order for the burial of the dead in the  
Book of Common Prayer is:

"Here is to be noted, that the Office  
ensuing is not to be used for any  
unbaptized adults, any who die ex-  
communicate, or have laid violent  
hands upon themselves."

All forfeitures of property on con-  
viction for crime were abolished long  
ago in this country. Magistrates have  
for many years found ways to dismiss  
from custody persons arraigned on  
charges of attempted suicide. So far  
as they were concerned the sections  
of the Penal Law defining and provid-  
ing punishment for the offence were  
treated as dead letters. But these  
sections occasionally proved useful to  
impress overbrought and nervous in-  
dividuals, many of whom, strangely  
enough, could work themselves into a  
state of mind in which self-destruction  
seemed preferable to continued  
existence, but after their hysteria  
passed could by solemn judicial re-  
vival for the attempt be brought to  
penitence and promises, usually faith-  
fully kept, not to try suicide again.

The Legislature wisely retained the  
section of the Penal Law under  
which a person who assists another in  
any way, by word or deed, in taking  
the latter's life is guilty of un-  
lawful homicide in the first degree, and  
a person who in any way by word or  
deed encourages or aids another in  
an attempt at suicide is still guilty of  
a felony, and it is not a defence  
in any prosecution under either of  
these sections that the person taking  
or attempting to take his own life  
was not deemed capable of commit-  
ting crime.

### Who Is Not Exploited?

It looked as if the bars were firmly  
up against the bourgeoisie when the  
Communist party of America adopted  
the rule that "no person shall be eli-  
gible for membership in the Com-  
munist party who employs labor or  
owns a livelihood through rent, in-  
terest or profit." And yet Mrs. ROSE  
PASTOR STOKES, the wife of a man of  
wealth, has been admitted to the  
party on the ground that, as she  
writes books on a royalty basis, "the  
publishers are exploiting her the same  
as other wage earners."

By this act, it would seem, the Com-  
munists have opened their door to  
everybody, even the hated lawyers,  
doctors and editors who were speci-  
fically prohibited by the new proletarian  
bosses from getting in on the ground  
floor. For everybody is exploited. The  
lawyer has only to say: "I drew up a  
contract for John Doe and he made  
a million out of it; he has exploited  
me." The doctor may plead: "I cured  
the ailing throat of BASIL BOMAST,  
the lecturer, and he's turning them  
away. I have been shamefully ex-  
ploited." The editor's cue is to say:  
"Having printed the weather forecast,  
thousands of people carried umbrellas  
and saved their best hats, thus ex-  
ploiting me beyond parison."

Mr. BUXAN may ask for member-  
ship on the ground that he is ex-  
ploited by millions who refuse to  
subscribe to the *Commoner*. Mr. BRU-  
LISON has the right to demand ad-  
mittance on the ground that the folks  
who save postage by refusing to mail  
letters, lest they be lost, do not share  
profits with him. Everybody has been  
exploiting somebody else and being  
himself exploited since Jacob's bar-  
gain with Esau.

### Four Dozen Hams.

Deep popular sympathy will go out  
from this country to Signor ENRICO  
CARUSO over his poignant sorrow for  
the looting from his Italian villa  
of "four dozens of my best hams."

Wine and oil were also looted, and  
they are very well in an Italian villa,  
but in the American heart neither  
rivals ham in warm and abiding affec-  
tion. The loot of the well cured hams  
will therefore arouse a feeling almost  
as for a personal loss; for although  
philosophy, fortunately, comes to hu-  
man aid in mitigation of grief for  
many of the misfortunes of friends,  
ham makes an exception.

Our friends lose olive oil and we  
rejoice, but resignation comes with  
the thought that there remains the oil  
of the cotton seed; wine, "many casks"  
of it, is looted from a cellar not  
our own and we find ease of mind in  
the reflection that though it were  
our own our longing for it has ceased,  
our desire extinguished through the  
processes of beneficent legislation.

But a well smoked ham! There's a  
world's loss, for it cannot be replaced.  
And four dozens of them, fat, well  
cured—a catastrophe!

We knew of a matron in Virginia  
who on each Thanksgiving Day had  
her smokehouse emptied of its hams  
to be sent to their eager buyers, and  
on the afternoon of that same happy  
day fresh hams were hung in that  
smokehouse to remain there one full  
year. But the good dame's lovable  
occupation has ceased; the tempter  
came and she abandoned art for com-  
merce. Alas, she sells her hogs to a  
packer!

It was the South's leisurely ex-  
cellence in preparing this incomparable  
food which inspired the plantation  
balled ancient negroes were wont in

### A LUXURY OF ANTICIPATION TO SING OVER A SIZZLING AND FRAGRANT FRYING PAN.

The words may be deemed crude by  
the superficial who fail to discover  
that if the truth, the sentiment, of  
real poetry are not lacking:

"You may talk about your mutton  
and your mutton chops,  
Your mutton chops a frying in the  
pan,  
But if you want to please this dar-  
key  
Give him an old fat ham."

An old fat ham am a good enough,  
A good enough, a good enough, a  
good enough,  
No matter where it am;

You can bake it, you can boil it,  
You can fry it, you can broil it—  
And it's nothing but an old fat  
ham."

An old fat ham! It must be old,  
cured for a year; it must be fat to  
moderate the curing process for its  
inner tenderness and to supply fat to  
it which to break the eggs when a thick  
slice of it has been lifted hot and  
juicy from the pan.

All the glittering gold America has  
given to Signor CARUSO hath not the  
quality which gives such joy as had  
those four dozen hams which the in-  
sensitive looters carried away from his  
Italian villa.

### They All Have Money to Spend.

So many Americans want to go to  
one or more of the baseball games in  
the series which will decide the cham-  
pionship of the American and Na-  
tional leagues that the owners of  
those philanthropic institutions are  
considering a plan to increase the  
number of games from seven to nine.  
Under the arrangement familiar to  
all patrons of professional baseball it  
has been necessary for the winning  
nine to beat its opponents four times.  
Under the proposed schedule five vic-  
tories would be required to end the  
glorious contest.

The popular demand which has  
brought this project up for considera-  
tion does not indicate extreme debili-  
tation of the pocketbook among the  
followers of baseball, the majority of  
whom are not to be classified as rich.  
To attend a world's series game costs  
money. The well to do may buy re-  
served seats in advance, but these are  
high in price. The ordinary citi-  
zen pays his admission fee at the  
gate. The trip to the ball park is  
likely to involve the loss of a day's  
time from his work. Besides this, the  
cost of admission, there are other  
expenses to be met. Pop and  
peanuts must be bought, pop because  
it is handy to have a bottle to throw  
in the general direction of the um-  
pire. Hot dogs and sandwiches, chew-  
ing gum and candy, must be con-  
sumed. If the spectators at all games  
acquired these dainties what would  
become of the caterers, payers  
of high prices for concessions?

When Mr. DEMPSEY transposed the  
crown of pugilism from the head of  
the recent Mr. WILLARD to his own  
the country was somewhat surprised  
at the number of individuals who had  
the money and the time to make long  
and expensive trips to observe the  
operation. The demand for seats at  
the baseball games shows that there  
is still a lot of loose change in cir-  
culation. Well trained baseball rooters  
get to the field early and have time  
for conversation. If the world's series  
goes nine games and any of its steady  
patrons gets tired of baseball talk he  
will unquestionably find neighbors  
around the grand stand willing to give sym-  
pathetic ear to his profound thoughts  
on the high cost of living.

The retention of the open shop prin-  
ciple in the shoe business permits  
Mr. WILSON to proceed without a union  
card.

When a real, live Mohawk Indian  
chief attired in the impressive trap-  
pings, or lack of trappings, of the  
American aborigine goes cavorting  
through the woods to surprise and  
frighten the Boy Scouts he knows to be  
encamped at Bear Mountain and fails  
to win from them the slightest ex-  
clamation of astonishment it is time  
for psychologists to concern them-  
selves with the impressionability of  
the youth of to-day. Has he become  
used to the show business of "wild  
and thunder" fiction or is he follow-  
ing the natural tendency of this age  
to accept the unusual and the startling  
as the ordinary and the commonplace?

Half a dozen new Cabinet officers in  
the case of as many years in the  
law record and speaks well for the  
ability of the President to get along with his  
official family.—*The Evening Post*.

True, and it is a record that also  
reveals the ability of the President to  
pick an official family which can get  
along with him.

Uncle SAM refuses further to bother  
his much troubled head about these  
pesky foreign exchange figures. Let  
banks sell a pound sterling for \$4.17  
and they will. Uncle charges \$1.37 at  
the money order windows of his  
offices. If you want to buy a franc,  
or any number of them, from Uncle  
to send abroad you pay him 19 cents,  
each, although in the money markets  
their retail of wholesale at between 11  
and 12 cents. And so with other  
monies you believe bought in large  
quantities to be remitted in the form  
of United States money orders on for-  
eign countries. As Uncle SAM covers  
his balances due foreign post offices  
resulting from these transactions with  
exchange purchased at the prevailing  
bank rates the pleasing impression re-  
sults that at least Uncle is doing  
right well.

Theatrical producers are more for-  
tunate than circus managers, for their  
actors come back to them as qualified  
and talented as when they went on  
strike; but what is the poor circus  
man to do whose striking human skel-  
eton, fat man and bearded lady have  
respectively eaten gluttonously, dined  
and shaved?

### Rab, Rab Time in the Ozarks.

Many Point Correspondence Rogers Post.  
The ladies of the Red Cross met with  
Mrs. G. E. Yell last Thursday and were  
served with watermelon from Mr. Yell's  
own patch.

### THE SUN, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1919.

### A LEAF FROM THE PAST.

Memories of Platt, McKinley and  
Roosevelt by the Dean of Political  
Correspondents—Concluding Article.

Senator Platt would have been in his  
eighty-seventh year if he had lived to  
March 6 last, the anniversary of his  
death. He was born July 15, 1833. He  
was a political chieftain of the old  
school. He scarcely knew the mean-  
ing of the phrase "political expedi-  
ency." Roosevelt was born in the  
year when Platt was elected to his  
first political office, Clerk of Tioga  
county, New York. Root, Spooner,  
Cleveland, Hill and others of like  
prominence were either in knicker-  
bockers or just out of school when  
Platt was a political leader.

Platt was a political leader. He was  
a first words about the great Platt  
as I knew him in skirmishes and in  
many battles for twenty years and  
more. His memory was accurate be-  
yond expression. He had personal  
remembrances of Andrew Jackson,  
Martin Van Buren, William Henry  
Harrison (Benjamin's grandfather),  
John Tyler, James K. Polk, Zachary  
Taylor, Millard Fillmore and Franklin  
Pierce. He knew intimately, socially and  
politically Lincoln, Johnson, Grant,  
Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Benjamin  
Harrison, McKinley and Roosevelt.  
Nearly all know how he nominated  
Roosevelt for Governor of New York  
in 1898 and for President in 1904.

Platt was a young man when Will-  
iam H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary  
of State, was elected Governor of New  
York in 1838. Thirty years later  
Seward and Platt were political allies.  
Platt was a contemporary of the first  
McKinley, the Mexican, the Civil war  
and the Reconstruction era. He was  
one of the great statesmen of the  
nineteenth century. He was a young  
man when Jefferson Davis, President of  
the Confederacy, was a gallant young  
Union officer in the Mexican war, and  
he easily recalled Mr. Davis's personal  
and political conduct as a Congressman  
and as Secretary of War in Buchanan's Cab-  
inet. Platt recollected the coronation  
of Queen Victoria and Lincoln's first  
days in Congress. He knew person-  
ally all the great Admirals and Gen-  
erals of the Mexican and civil wars  
and all the renowned leaders of the  
party of the Union with the South.  
He succeeded the old Whig party, the  
direct successor of the Federalist  
party founded by Alexander Hamilton,  
Washington's first Secretary of the  
Treasury.

Platt, like Hamilton, could be in-  
tolerant in his arrogance and dove-  
like in his gentleness. Platt, like  
Hamilton, spoke his mind freely and  
took no pains to conceal his con-  
siderations of men and measures. He  
once said that Carl Schurz was "a  
lively German pedler of apples of  
discord and a retail dealer in vinegar,  
manufactured from the juice of sour  
apples," and wanted it printed too.

All the Republican senators from  
New York, except Edward D. Morgan in  
1853 were his friends, and Morton,  
Blaine, Roosevelt and Odell were nomi-  
nated by him. Vice-Presidents, United  
States Senators, Lieutenant-Governors,  
Congressmen, State legislators, Col-  
lectors of the Port of New York and  
other high and honorable positions  
were filled by men of the name of  
Platt. He was a man of the people  
and the Supreme Court, sheriffs and all  
sorts and conditions of place holders  
owed their elevation to Platt. He  
declined the nomination for Governor  
in 1898.

Platt was a fine Latin scholar at Yale.  
He was an apt scholar, a lawyer,  
man and mill owner, a railroad pres-  
ident, president of a mining company,  
president of an express company, Rep-  
resentative in Congress for two terms,  
a Quarantine Commissioner for New  
York and a United States Senator. He  
was an industrious business man.  
He was an editor of the *New York  
Tribune* and the *Republican*, a short-lived  
Republican organ which  
was started in New York city years  
ago to compete with the *New York  
Tribune* and the *New York Times*.  
There was a Republic newspaper. Platt  
was a wit, a stoc, an optimist, a par-  
ticularly keen writer and began his  
real political career on sound principles  
of honor.

In 1870 he was a delegate to the old  
Twenty-sixth New York Congress  
Convention, pledged to support Milo  
Goodrich for Congress. For over a  
thousand ballots the convention was  
deadlocked. While temporarily ab-  
sent the convention nominated Platt,  
who promptly declined the nomination  
in the name of the old party. He was  
the champion of the convention.

In view of the well known fact that  
I was chosen a delegate to this con-  
vention publicly and privately pledged  
to an unwavering support of Milo Good-  
rich, I am not at all surprised that the  
convention the present result was  
reached, without the sanction of Mr.  
Goodrich, and his friends. It must be  
the case that the Twenty-sixth New  
York party of the district that I have  
no rightful claim to this nomination  
and would not be entitled to the respect  
and support of the party if I should  
accept. I am of the opinion that the  
official preference obtained at the ex-  
pense of old friendships and personal  
honor must prove hollow and unsatis-  
fying. I also believe that good Rep-  
ublicans will agree with me in the  
statement: Better no nomination than  
a nomination tainted even with suspicion  
of treachery and dishonor.

Goodrich was the nominated and  
elected. After the Platt was elected  
to Congress. In 1877, at Roch-  
ester, he was chairman of the State  
Convention and bitterly attacked  
President Hayes. The basis of the  
complaint was that Hayes had at-  
tempted to shake the Conkling-Platt  
machine in the State of New York. It  
was the virtual beginning of the  
Hayne-Conkling-Platt-Garfield feud.  
Hayes turned out Arthur as Collector  
and Alonzo B. Cornell as Surveyor of  
the Port of New York. Conkling in  
retirement had himself re-elected a  
United States Senator, and with Platt  
as his chief lieutenant nominated and  
elected Cornell as Governor and Ar-  
thur as Vice-President of the United  
States. Next, Platt was elected Con-  
kling's colleague in the United States  
Senate. They resigned in anger, claim-  
ing that Garfield at Mentor—im-  
mediately after his nomination, brought  
about the resignation of Blaine, and in  
opposition to Conkling and Platt, and  
the remaining 804 Grant delegates—

### POEMS WORTH READING.

### Twilight on Lake Winnepeaukee.

O'er such burnished, mounding water,  
Lustrous-tinted with the gleaming,  
As our panting steamer sovers,  
Troubles with its rash provels,  
Strews with sparks from belching funnel,  
In his calm canoe he floated,  
When the mighty lake resplendent  
With the smile of the Great Spirit  
Buoyed him silent and enraptured.

Lying from his languid paddle  
With the downy lake yellowed  
To the gulf of liquid saffron,  
Where he watched these mountain shad-  
ows  
Dart reflected hands of violet,  
Platt o'er the glowing mirror,  
As the purple finch's feathers  
Might adorn the bronze-smooth bosom  
Of a maiden at her bridal.

Half conscious of the closing,  
Hovering with its swift, swift breathing,  
Did he try to disentangle  
In the interweaving shadows  
Those that fell from wrinkled White-  
face,  
Those that leaped from Passaconaway  
And the looming Dome of Sandwich,  
From the wine-dark plumes outspread-  
ing  
In the truce of his warring,  
In the pauses of his living  
Impulse-governed as the heron,  
As the hawk keen-eyed and ruthless,  
As the puma fierce and stealthy,  
As the deer alert and tameless,  
Swift as supple trout beneath him,  
What the Indian's joy in vision  
Such as this bright hour discloses  
To the later, harassed peoples  
Who have banished him forever  
From the haunts that were his temple?  
Fair as twinkling altar candles  
Seemed to him the stars first glitter:  
Like to rising clouds of incense  
Wrashing softly glimmering windows,  
Many-hued 'twixt darkening willows,  
Seemed the mystic, lake-born vapors  
Forming where the western heaven  
Glowed rich-tinted through the pine-  
wood.

With the passing of the savage,  
Stilled by moods so strangely gentle,  
Is this realm bereaved forever  
Of a worship wild yet tender,  
From the children close to Nature  
As the pebbles to the shore-wash,  
As the red bark to the cedar,  
As this crescent to the moon-shape?  
When to-night our hurrying steamer  
Shrinks the silence with its whistle,  
Shrieking as with maniac laughter,  
Were those echoes from the islands,  
From the bays, the rocks, and forests,  
That rang walling o'er the water,  
Moaning as on endless wanderings,  
Nature's grieving accusation  
Of intruders in the regions  
That they trampled her lowly heedless,  
Where they lodge with little wonder,  
Where they know themselves but stran-  
gers?

"Ye have razed my sanctuaries,  
"Filled my courts with alien clamor,  
"Sacred my wealth to idols,  
"Till my kindred, beast and human,  
"Flee reproach from their native terror;  
"Therefore is my voice diminished,  
"And ye find me no more gracious."

Yet perchance through long devotion,  
In repentance and deep gladness,  
Once again a life might enter  
Where the Indian lover lingered  
Brought to breast with all this beauty:  
In the hush of reverent ardor  
Mingling with the soul that trembles  
Through the radiant form of Nature,  
Thrilling every vivid member  
Of her body, ever maiden  
Yet surrendered to each wooer,  
With no stint of greeting passion,  
Who can win her love's dear favor  
By the greatness of his patience,  
By his boundless adoration.  
ELIOT WHITE

The Looms of Arras.  
Upon the looms of Arras  
The weavers wrought of old  
In many a fine and fair design  
Of crimson and of gold.  
Unto the looms of Arras  
But yesterday there came  
The grisly weaver, war, who wove  
With ruthless hands of flame.  
Around and over Arras  
He spread his web of glooms,  
And yet he could not rob her of  
The marvel of her looms.  
CLINTON SCOLLARD

### BURLESONISM IN TOWN.

Curiosities of the Postal Service on  
the West Side.  
TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir:  
If you live in West Twenty-second street  
between Eleventh and Sixth ave-  
nues you are compelled to wait at the  
Madison avenue post office to buy a  
two cent postage stamp, get a money  
order or register a letter, or if you ride  
the fare is ten cents. This is a great  
inconvenience. Sometimes, and not  
every day, you may chance to get post-  
age stamps, a money order or a post-